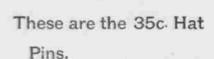
Holiday Announcement

MOORE&LEDING

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,

1109 Pennsylvania Avenue. The extraordinary success attending our display of Christmas Novelties in last Sunday's Post prompts us to address the readers of "The Times" in a similar manner. We ran short of some of the goods early in the week, but can assure them of a full stock Monday morning.



The 60c. Veil Pins.

The 60c. Emeries.

The 50c. Sewing Wax.

The Solid Silver Toilet Ware.

The 75c Silver Wreath Pin.

The \$1 Silver Double Wreath Pin.



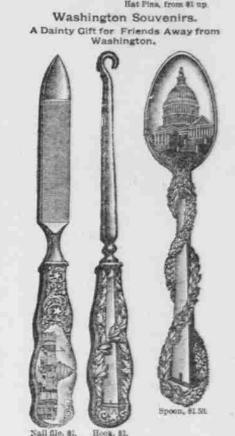






Here are some other things we want you to see.





Do not keep the bed in the spare room "made up." It holds cold and dampaess, is

dows for two hours at least; then shut the

windows, and leave the heat on. If you have no furnace heat of any sort, you will

Do not put into your spars room all the things in the house that you don't care to see yourself—all the old pictures that you have outgrown, for instance, and the shabby orna-ments. Keep it rather bare of decoration, ex-

cept a hearty welcome, which excels all that can be bought. Have a deak in the room, if

can be bought. Have a desk in the room, if possible, and keep it supplied with paper and pens and ink. See that the ink is ink and not clots of black stuff. Leave a few postage stamps. Have a pretty little jar somewhere in the room, and when your guest is to arrive put a few delicate fresh crackers into it. A guest is often faint for a mouthful, at some unaccustomed time for the family visited, and may for want of that mouthful be mais wretched. In the house of another it is not easy to ask for a "bite out of time."

If you have on the bed your very best

easy to ask for a "bite out of time."

If you have on the bed your very best spread of any kind that you dread to see soiled, keep in the closet a cover new or perfectly clean, such as you have for sweeping. Say, "If you like to lie down there is a rug or coveriet here on this shelf to throw over you." That is if you have not lounge. In either case keep somewhere in the room a blanket of some kind, to use when taking a nap.

you have a couple of wash cloths, and that a pitcher of warm water is set down at the door

If your visitor has a child that she is affect will fall out of bed, and you have no crib to give her, do not make a barriende of chairs, but get your imploard and push it down be-tween the side of the bedstead and the mat-tress and you will have a portect protection against all rolling off the mattress. It is so your since is that one wonders that it has not

against air rolling off the mattrees. It is so very simple that one wonders that it has not been thought of in every bousehold. Another use for a lapteant is that when an invalid is taken to drive in any carriage—public or pri-vate—that has sents opposite to each other, that a perfect bed can be made by simply slipping the all-useful lapteard under one qualten of each conceits west. Push un close

support the all-useful appoints under one cushion of each opposite seat. Push up close to the aides of the curriage, put a pillow over the board and you have a bed.

If you want to keep your bakies from kicking off the coverings, pin them in on each side. Take a largest size safety pin and pin through the blankets, and the sheet to the mattress underneath. Leave enough "leave underneath."

through the blankets, and the sheet to the mattress underneath. Leave enough "beway." for the restless little feet, and yet not too much. Experience will tell you just how much and just how little to leave. It is highly dangerous for children of any age to throw off the bed clothing, and much howel trouble is very often the result. Then every-body wonders "how that child ever caught cold." Always have a candid and matches on the candidestick in your spare room, for all serts of occasions may arise when it will be much needed.

Kathemanne Foot,

Camille Urso.

artistic manipulation of "de fiddle and de

Camille Urso's daughter, on the other hand, has achieved greatness as—a darner. Her success may not have been so widely talked about as her mother's, but it

not neat, and neither is it healthy.

When a guest is to occupy

All Goods Engraved Free of Charge,

IOORE & LEDING, 1109 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Jewelers and Silversmiths,

Plain Match Safe, from \$1.75 up.

OUT FOR SPORT AND MONEY

Anne Hathaway Spends a Dey at the Races at Alexander Island.

I have been to the races,

I have seen all sorts and conditions of men and women mad with the hope of getting something for nothing. I have seen women stage their last cent on the uncertainty that lies in four thoroughbred boofs, and I have come to realize, as never before, how the love of gambling may develop into a master passion. I have seen men and women of every age, of high social position and of no social position at all, using the races as the merest pretext for something on which to wager money. I have seen women playing the races in a way most Washington people would scarcely believe possible,

I went to the races at the Alexander Island race track Thursday afternoon. I took the 12:40 train across the Long Bridge, and it was dark when I returned.

were plenty of quiet, every-day people on board bound for Alexandria and Washington's anburbs on the Virginia shore, but that the majority of the passengers were on their way to the races was evident. They were a goodnatured set, though their conversation was races, races and nothing but races.

Well, Billy Boy's a good horse, anyway, was the first thing I heard after taking my sent. The speaker was a stout red-freed man with sport written all over him.

"Yes, he is," responded his companion, another man off the same piece, "and thinking so cost me \$50." There was a ripple of laughter at that, and the man who had lost the money seemed really to enjoy the joke more than anyone

The train had scarcely started before a man came through the car, roaring out the com-mand to buy race budges of him and avoid the crewd at the gares. He held a number of \$1 bills folded lengthwise down the middle in one hund, and waved them with a dazzling effect of careless optiones. I aid not buy a badge, for thanks either to Virginia chivalry or a keen sye to business, women are admitted to the grand sund free of charge. It was only the shortest kind of a journey

There was a rush out the door and down the to be a great many more of her sex to support her, growing on me at every step. There was only an interminable stretch of white-washed tence, with the sign "Keep your hadge in-sight" displayed everywhere. I had an in-distinct impression of several narrow toll gates and innumerable gate keepers telling me to pass on before I found the granu stand before me.

It was up a flight of stairs and was unlike It was up a night of stairs and was unlike any grand stand I had ever seen. It was en-closed on all sides to form a great hare hall with a series of shallow stops for a floor, and a great big stove in the middle. The front was a row of large windows looking out on the track, and at the further end were stairs lead-

chair in the very middle of the row of windows, and left me to my own devices

It was a perfect day, almost baimy in its mildness, with not a cloud in the sky. I opened the window and looked out on the magnificent view of Washington that hay be-yond the sky-blue ribbon the river made. The Monument seemed near enough to touch, and indeed, I think the view of it from the

Island grand stand is quite the finest to be I was the thirteenth woman to enter the

erand stand, but I was not more than com-ortably settled before other women began to ome in, until the row of chairs nearest the window was filled and two or three rows back of it were occupied. The women in the chairs were of every class of society. There was one at my right who is prominent in an exclusive circle of really the best society. A negro



AT THE ENTRANCE.

woman, almost the only one in the grand stand, sat just behind her. The wife of n stand, sat just beamd her. The wife of a veterinary surgeon, with suspiciously blonde hair showing above the collar of a rough tweed uister, sat in front of her. Nearer me was the wife of a man who owns horses. She was quietly and fashionably dressed and chewed guin all afternoon. There were several women who might have been anything in the world commandiage and respectable. in the world commonplace and respectable. There were some who might have been anything in the world uncommon and not exactly respectable. There were soveral chorus girls. There was the landledy of a theatrical boarding-house, and there was a fashionable modiste. There were diamonds in plenty and rouge to spare. There were fashionable gowns and last year's frocks, but for the danzling tollets the fashion magazines show us under the name of racing costumes I looked in vain. There were not even any remarkaoly chie women. The crowd was simply mixed, and the women were there to but, and bet they sing-house, and there was a fashionable

dark eyes. I fancied the color on her cheeks was the kind that comes in boxes, but perhaps I wrong ber. She was accompanied by a I wrong her. She was accompanied by a woman of perhaps thirty-five, with a sweet, though worn face. Each of them had a racing card, and what they did not know about the races is really not worth mentioning

"I lost se yesterday," said the elder, "but, then, this has been an unlucky week with me. I've heard of nothing but death all week. Mr. —," I could not catch the name, though I was listening with all the ears nature gave ne, "had a daughter die this week-con-umption-and I got a letter from-who is

she plays as careful as I do. She loves it."

Mayme looked up as a stunning looking woman came down the stand. She did not know the woman's name, but somebody bearing me said it was Frank's "lady friend" had on a marvel of a coat of brown brocade, the great sleeves of cream-colored satin striped across with rows of beaver fur. Her skirt was black satin, and the bodice, displayed when the coat was opened, was of blue brohind me said it was Frank's "lady friend" from New York. Frank's "lady friend" had on a marvel of a coat of brown brocade, the great sleeves of cream-colored satin striped across with rows of beaver fur. Her skirt was black satin, and the bodice, displayed when the coat was orwand was of blacks.

cade. She was altogether very prenounced and very conscious of her finery.

Mayme's attention was engaged just then by a humpbacked young man who came up from the first tace. He was only one of a half dozen young men who came up during the afternoon.

"D'ys see that girl over there?" he asked, pointing to a rather hard-faced young woman on my left who had a touch of rouge on her cheeks. "That's the champion lady oarsman of the world."

Mayme and her companion, whose name I discovered to be Jon, were not at all favorably impreased with the Jonnie and the third that she won her last race because her opponent fainted.

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"O. I'll have a fit if I don't get a lead pen-

cil!" oxclaimed Mayme, as a man wrote the names of scratched horses on a blackboard in front of the judges' stand. I offered her mine, which she accepted

gratefully. Her mother appeared just then and I moved along to make room for the old lady. She was not a lovely old lady. She wore a small walking hat and a black vel-veteen lacket trimmed with astrakhan. She carried a small black bag and her gloves

carried a small black bag and her gloves needed mending badly.

The names of the jockeys and the numbers carried by the horses were run up on what looked like a gallows just inside the ring and my neighbors studied them attentively.

"Bobolink ought to come very near winning," said Mayme, sagely, "Ho's got a good mount. But I don't think I'll touch the race.

The odds are 3 to 5 on Bobolink, and that's not enough to win."

Bobolink was a favorite, and a coarse-

Bobolink was a favorite and a coarse-looking woman just behind me gave a mes-senger \$5 to place on him. The messengers, who are set aside for the use of the grand stand, wear blue uniforms with a little gold lace. Most of the bets, however, did not go to the ring in the hands of messengers. Every woman seemed to have a man friend or two who came up now and then to give her the latest information as to the odds in the bet-ting ring below. My head fairly whirled with the talk on every side.

"I like Bobolink to win," said a young man whom Maymelcalled Fenimore, "and Ve

nusberg for place." "Tim not going to touch the race," said Mayme, but just then a man in the crowd under the window called out to her with one finger raised: "Evon money on Venusberg for place!" and Fenimore went off with a dollar to place on Venusberg.

The old lady had played a dollar on Venus-

rg and one on Verse, whom she backed come in third, with a jumble of race track lang that was worse than Greek to me 'Can you see who is Verse's mount?" she

red me.
"Mount?" I repeated vaguely.
"Yes, it's over there. Who's going to ride I read the jockey's name, and the old lady

"Is this your first race?" she asked "Yes," I answered, hoping that I should not be struck dead for the falsehood, "I've been to trotting races before, but I've never seen anyone bet, and I wish you'd tell me how you'd at!"

'Oh, you mustn't get infatuated with it."

"Ob, you mustn't get infatuated with it," she answered with a motherly air. "It's a great risk—a great risk, Why, here I've bet money on Venusberg, but—" plaintively—"I don't know whether I'm in it."
"It must be fascinating." I said, while all the women near looked curiously at the woman who had never seen betting, till I began to feel uncomfortable.

"Yes, it is. I've been coming here for six months. I play very careful, and I come out about even. O, Madami" she called, catching sight of a masculine looking woman back sweet, about even. O, Madam!" she called, catch-a rae-about of us whom I recognized as a fashionable dressmaker, who bears a name distinguished in American history, "what are you play-

"Bobolink to win, Venusberg for place," responded Madam.

"See, they're going to start now," said my new friend. "I'm glad I played Venusberg. Madam comes here nearly every day, and she plays as careful as I do. She loves it."

ances and some gentiemen friends."

One of the "gentiemen friends" was an out and out tout, but the old woman pronounced him very nice and offered to introduce him to me. I declined with thanks, though I must say that the faces of the men who seemed to nd their lives on race tracks were despend their lives on race traces and English cidedly kind, if their manners and English

Con Lucy would win this race," I heard a fever of impatience over the non-appear-

occupants of the room. A woman whom you | she was a woman, and I had lost 50 cents my- | the same tules with the he at that you have

and I would assuredly never call on was sitting at a limit table eating an oyster stew.

"O, say," she said to the very woman my companion had cailed no good, "did you hear about Fan? Fan had awful luck about

her money. Somebody weighed it."

Just what happened to Fan's money is, by the way, still a dense mystery to me.

The old lady did not bet on the fourth race, but Madam did, and so did Jen. Jen was in

The old lady refused to bet, even at Feni-

EXCHANGING OFINIOUS OF THE HORSES.

Mayme say as the horses came dancing side-ways into the track before the second race. "I want to play him for place," said her mother, and, indeed, the cautious old woman notiner, and, indeed, the cantings old woman only selected horses to play for place in every race, and was bitterly disappointed when the book-makers were not placing such bets. Con Lucy ran second, much to the disgust of a child of ten or twelve, who thrust her head out of my window and yelled lustily. She wore a short searlet frock and, the old lady said, was the daughter of a horse owner. I thought she had far better have been in school, as I looked at her tense, hard little face and heard her gilb talk of odds and mounts and weights and weights and received. mounts and weights, and goodness knows

what else of race-track argot.

"My! look at that coming from the paddock," said Jen. I looked out into the space between the grand stand and the ring. It was filled with a crowd of men—young men with the thick-necked look of the modern with the thick-becket look of the modern college man; men who might have been Sun-day-school superintendents—perhaps they were—broken down sports, stable men, an actor I knew, the druggist from our corner pharmacy, bool-makers, business men and men in office. The "that" which had atpharmacy, book-makers, business men and men in office. The "that" which had attracted Jen's attention was not the little boy in leather leggings down there with his father, nor yet the stable man's little girl who had a tiny pug pup in her arms. It was a woman making her way to the grand stand. Her gown was a striking combination of old-ro and pale blue, and there were violets under the brim of her hat. She was attended by a weak-eyed young man, and she spent the afternoon posing in the grand stand or walk-ing in the paddock. "She is a lady from New York," the woman in red behind me said.

ance of the faithful Fenimore, who had heretofore been on hand to take bets.

"Syde opened 15 to 1." she cried, "and I can't get a cent on him, and he'll be down to even money before they go to the post. That's just my luck!"

When Fenimore did appear he expressed it as his opinion that Semper Vive colt would win. Nobody hearkened to him but Madam, and when the race was over Madam was the only winner in our visinity. only winner in our vicinity.

"I played Ida R.," said a woman several seats off, sadly, "and didn't get a sight." The love of gambling is contagious, and by this time I began to want to bet on some-thing myself. Every other woman in the stand was betting, and I could resist the temptation no longer. "Let me go in with you," I said to the old

woman.

"Are you lucky?" she asked, anxiously.
"Sometimes," I said.
"Sextus aught to win," remarked a young fellow—a handsome young fellow—whom Mayme called "Count."

"I like Sextus to win," said Fenimore, with the air of one who knows. "I've got \$10 on him." "Play Sextus," murmured a man in a military coat, who ought to have been in better company, to the woman who had leaned on my hat.

Everybody said Sextus, so Sextus we played. Each of us put in 50 cents, and Fen-imore brought us a ticket printed with an elaborate scroll work in pale tan. At the top in blue letters were the words Potomac Club, There was a blue "J" on the card, too, and the number "229" in red letters. "Four-

"It's always a good plan to play long

more's urging.

"Play Flushing," said he. "Taylor is riding him. Taylor is square, too. He's the squarest jock on the track. Why, he wouldn't sell a race unless he got a good hig sum for it."

The 50 to 1 shot failed but Matam and The 80 to 1 shot failed, but Madam and

The so to I shot lailed, but Andam and Mayme won, son were all emiles.

"I'll see you on Saturday," said the old lady as we parted. "I don't come Fridays, you know, it's bad luck. If you get here first save me a chair. It's luck to have the same chair again. I'll see you Saturday, and I hore you'll win." hope you'll win."

After that we all ran for the cars and that a

dozen people weren't killed is just the merest accident, for the crowd clung to the moving train and climbed aboard before it had come I heard no profanity at the race track. I

came home penniless seemed in good spirits.

There was no "plunging" among the women, and a \$20 bet is considered a very large one. Most of the women who play do it carefully, systematically, and do it day after day and week after week till it becomes their chief occupation in life.

Playing the races may be an innocent little restime, but for my part I think there may be

pastime, but for my part I think there may be two opinions about it. Personally, I don't think it pays, and if you have daughters, I



ANNE WATCHES THE HORSES. say, keep them away from the race track. If you have sons try to keep them at home, and if you have money yourself stay on this side a some for another. Camille Urso, for instance, of the river and put it in the bank. It may has become a household word because of her be so exciting, but it pays better in the ANNE HATHAWAY.

Chocolate Mints

W. S. GILL CANDY CO. 1223 PENN. AVE.

Formerly of F St.

VAL BLATZ BEER.

is none the less sure. Some one who has met her declares that never was there such im-possible needlework as she is able to achieve. She can take a stocking and insert a small patch by neat and careful lapping of the woven edges until there isn't a sign of its having been mended at all. "Indeed," so say the enthusiastic admirers, "it's a sort of work that we read of our great grandmothers having done when they snipped holes in their bibs and tuckers just for the sake of mending them most perfectly.

VAL BLATZ BEER.